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## THE PARIS SALON.

As usual, the enterprising New York Herald is ahead of all its contemporaries in telling us by cable much that is worth knowing about the Paris Salon. From its columns we learn that the portraits by Cabanel of Mme. Couvé and Mrs. Hungerford and one of Bouguereau's two allegorical compositions, "Alma Parens"—showing the Earth, seated, surrounded by her lovely children—are among the finest pictures in the exhibition. Bouguereau's other work, "Le Soir," represents "Evening" as a beautiful semi-nude figure descending toward the slumbering, darkening world, and forms a companion piece to "Le Crépuscule," which was at the Salon last year, and was bought by S. P. Avery. "A Red Lady," a portrait by Carolus Duran, is declared unsuccessful, while a portrait group of four children by his pupil, John S. Sargent, is warmly praised.

Henner shows a nude figure of a woman reading—"a sort of penitent Magdalen in meditation," The Herald says; although it is not quite clear why, being penitent, she should be nude. Lefebvre's "Psyche" is described as "a vision of feminine perfection." Hans Makart covers an enormous canvas with a composition called "Summer Night" which does not show him at his best. Georges Bertrand rivals the Viennese painter in the size of his picture with an original but somewhat sensational "Le Printemps qui Passe" representing five nude and beautiful messengers of Queen Spring on rushing steeds, riding in mad career.

Jules Breton's two works, "The Rainbow" and "Morning," are warmly commended. The former shows a picturesquely clad fisherman walking by the side of a peasant woman, who is riding on an ass; there is a dark sky, and against the sheet of falling rain appears a brilliant rainbow. The other picture is also notable for its atmospheric effects; cattle graze upon an immense plain, which loses itself in the broad dunes, through which a stream winds separating two lovers—a bashful swain and a pert, defiant young woman. Casanova introduces the youthful Mme. de Pompadour, and in another canvas shows an artful monk and an innocent girl playing cards on the terrace of a chateau.

Leon Commerre—whose "Ballet Girl" in the Salon of last year became the property of Mr. Lloyd Phœnix, of New York, and was vulgarly counterfeited in a Union Square show-case recently so that the copy received the zealous attention of Mr. Anthony Comstock—has two successful pictures this year; one, a canvas 15 feet by 11, "L'Ivresse de Silène" presenting a wild group of bacchantes rollicking with the drunken Silenus; the other a blonde beauty in Japanese attire against a background of brilliant gold and reds.

Dagnan-Bouveret, whose "Accident" two years ago, bought by Avery, attracted much favorable comment, has produced another striking picture with the same title.

One of the curiosities of the exhibition is "The Two Sisters" by Adolphe Giron. It is a huge canvas representing with remarkable fidelity the fashionable Place de la Madeleine when the Paris "season" is at its height. The wife of a workingman is shaking her fist at her frail sister as the latter rolls by in a luxurious equipage. This is the central group of the picture. In a well appointed Victoria are seated Mme. Judic, the actress, and her daughter Fernande, and other carriages are shown with portraits well known to Parisians. Josef Israels, the great Dutch painter, the pure sentiment of whose Millet-like subjects contrasts refreshingly with the sensationalism of such canvases, is well represented by "A Sleeping Infant" and "Fine Weather."

Auguste Lançon shows, life size, a grand-looking lion and his mate—"Le Lion Amoureux." E. V. Luminais contributes a strong historical picture, "Childeric III., the last of the Merovingians:" the savage young chief is tied hand and foot to a chair while the abbot of the monastery, to which King Pepin has sent him, is cutting off the youth's long flowing locks preparatory to having him made a monk, according to the monarch's instructions. Emile Renouf's "A Ship in Distress," showing a lifeboat going to the aid of a vessel wrecked on a stormy coast, is a government commission on which he has been at work for eighteen months. The canvas is so large that it was necessary to put at the disposal of the artist a special building in the Palais d'Industrie.

We have received from George W. Edwards, a photograph of his Salon picture, a well-composed French coast scene with fishers returning home. Henry Bacon, who seldom fails to get a pretty woman on his canvas, or to locate her at his beloved Etretat, sends two pictures this year, each with this usual dual inspiration. The one shows an artist seated in a graveyard before his easel painting a charming blonde maiden. The other is a comely Norman peasant crossing a field of waving oats. Frederick Bridgman contributes a golden-haired "Cigale," probably the painting of which the smaller canvas in the National Academy exhibition, illustrated in our May number, was the original study. William Danuat has a full-length figure of an Aragon smuggler, which is said to show good color, breadth of treatment and less of the mannerisms of his master Munkacsy than usual.

G. R. Donoho, who had perhaps the best landscape in the recent National Academy exhibition, sends two to the Salon painted in the same free, dashing style. "Mauvaises Herbes" is a big canvas showing "a tangled mass of large spindly herbage, with middle-distance of trees and level plain, distant sky-line of trees sheltering houses and sky. A girl is leading some calves toward us through the weeds, following a delirious sort of path." His other picture, "Primroses," is much smaller: "a peasant girl, in a faded green Breton gown, is walking toward us down a little valley picketed with thin poplars that border on a nearly invisible rill which suckles the primroses. She is hanging on to a thin sapling with one hand, and carrying flowers in the other."

Walter Gay's pictures are "A Conspiracy" and "The Old Gunsmith." Elizabeth Gardner sends "The Captive," a larger canvas than usual, showing two female figures, one of whom is holding the cage of a white dove and the other the dove itself which has tried to escape. Alexander Harrison contributes "Les Amateurs," an evening effect on the river at Grez with a boy and a girl in a boat fishing with the same line, and "Un Esclave," a life-size figure of a boy in faded greenish-velvet jacket, with a stock of fish he cannot sell, waiting for his release from business so that he may play with a hoop that he holds between his feet. "Sans Dot" by D. R. Knight, shows a pretty peasant girl, halting in her work for the moment to look at a passing wedding procession. Henry Mosler has a large picture of Breton peasant life called "The Morning of the Wedding," a companion to his last year's "Les Accordailles," or the dispute about the dowry. Charles E. Moss has an English peasant scene entitled "Morning Prayer." Charles S. Pearce sends "The Prelude," a beautiful Spanish Carmen-like maiden with a guitar, and "The Water-Carrier," a French peasant of the Midi.

Our regular Paris correspondence in our next issue will tell more concerning the work of our artists at the Salon. But we may say that from all reports the American exhibit, at any rate, does not show any falling off from last year. From New York we know of several admirable works which were forwarded. J. Carroll Beckwith never painted a figure more graceful in pose, charming in sentiment, and refined in coloring than his life-size "Cordelia." J. Alden Weir sent an excellent portrait of his father. William M. Chase's portrait of Miss Dora Wheeler was not completed when we saw it, but it promised well. The young lady, attired in a loose blue silk Japanese robe, just suggesting the graceful outlines of her figure, is seated easily in an arm-chair. There are yellow flowers on the table, and other accessories of the same color.

## My Note Book.



THE present writing the long-deferred libel suit of Feuardent versus Cesnola, in which the former claims \$25,000 damages, is on the calendar for immediate trial before Judge Shipman in the United States Court. The public's concern in the matter will naturally be more in the principle involved in the discussion concerning the management of the Metropolitan Museum than in the personal interests of the litigants. In the course of the trial there is reason to believe that

the charge that the Cesnola collection has been seriously tampered with by ignorant and fraudulent restorations will receive the fullest investigation. It was in exasperation at this charge that the Director of the Museum allowed himself to indulge in the allegations affecting Mr. Feuardent's personal character, which have led to the suit. However much one may deplore the occasion of the litigation—for personal controversies of this sort are always to be deprecated—the fact that the suit will legally determine the question of the integrity of Mr. Cesnola and of his collection—by the sale of which to the Museum he has become a rich man—makes one welcome it as the only available means of setting at rest a discussion which has been waging for nearly three years; for it was in August, 1880, that the original charges against Mr. Cesnola were published in THE ART AMATEUR. It will seem a little odd to most people that Mr. Feuardent should be the plaintiff in this suit. The accused man all through the controversy has been the one who is now forced into the position of defendant, while if the charges against him were false, he should long since have sued Mr. Feuardent for libel.

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MR. MACKAY, the Nevada Cæsus, at the recent Narischkine sale in Paris, made some purchases showing a singularly wide range of selection. He bought Gérard Dow's "The Fishwife," for 50,000 francs (a bargain—M. Narischkine gave 42,000 francs for it years ago at the Pommersfelden sale); Willem van Mieris's "The Jolly Tippler" for 3700 francs; "L'Amateur d'Antiquités," by Léon Y. Escosura, for 1000 francs; and "Bergerie," by Charles Jacque, for 6600 francs. However eclectic Mr. Mackay's taste may be, he evidently buys pictures with discretion.

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SOME interesting statistics concerning the pictures at the Academy are given in The Tribune. Out of the 461 artists represented, there are only 46 Academicians, only half the number composing that body, and out of 746 numbers in the catalogue, the Academicians contribute only 87. In the same way it appears that out of 82 Associated Academicians, but 39 are represented, and only 173 works. This looks very modest, until we find how these pictures are hung. Then one discovers that the Academicians with 87 out of 527 pictures in the principal rooms have 69 out of 148 places on the first line. That is, while their proportion of first-line places is 1 in 6, they have given to themselves these places in the proportion of about 1 in 2.

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IT is amusing to note how much importance is attached in this country to the fact that a picture has been hung in the Paris Salon. Almost as many bad pictures are hung there every year as at our Academy, but the Salon number on the frame of an American painting will often sell it, while without this Parisian flavor, the artist's work would go begging. It is odd that some enterprising person does not advertise to supply "frames in assorted sizes, with Salon numbers attached, in stock, or to order, to suit purchasers."

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BOSTON is to erect a statue to Paul Revere. Last year the committee in charge of the matter offered three prizes of \$300 each, for the three best models, from which it was understood the final selection would be made. All models were required to be sent in before April 19th of this year. Among the successful competitors was that very clever and industrious young New York artist, James E. Kelly, whose model, according to the Boston journals, met with the most favor from the committee. The Transcript says: "It represents Revere on the Charleston side of the Charles River, at the moment when he first sees the lights on the tower of the Old North Church. He has caught his horse firmly by the bridle with his left hand, while his right grasps the back of the saddle. He is in the act, his head turned over his shoulder for a last look, of springing into his seat, and his whole attitude, as well as that of his horse, the latter restive under the strong pressure on the bit and quivering with the excitement which he shares with his master, admirably portrays the sculptor's conception. The time for flight has come; horse and rider must be instantly off." The other successful competitors were Daniel C. French, of Concord, Mass., and C. E. Dallin, of Boston. There surely must be some mistake in the report that other sculptors who did not enter the anonymous competition under the rules of the



committee are to be allowed to come in now on the strength of their general professional reputation.

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ART criticism by the San Francisco press is sometimes, to say the least, peculiar. A writer in a daily journal, reviewing an "art reception" held recently in that city, gallantly refers to "the various schools seen on the faces of some of the ladies present," remarking that "while the result of much artistic handiwork was seen on the wall, the hand of an amateur was plainly discernible on many a face." The intelligent critic rather admired "S. M. Brooke's hand painting"—do they usually paint with their feet out West, I wonder—but he tells us he did not care for Nellie Hopps's Indian pictures. No fault is found with their execution. Indeed, he frankly says that he is simply prejudiced against the subjects. To use his own language: "I can stand Indian names, but I don't want Indians themselves even in a picture." The hint should be taken by Eastern painters like Ryder and Brush who may think of sending their works to the Pacific coast for sale or exhibition.

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A LOAN exhibition of copies of old masters is to be a special feature at the Metropolitan Museum of Art next winter. It is a good idea, and doubtless will be successful. There is already on the walls a fair nucleus for such an exhibition.

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HOWEVER much our British cousins may laugh at the eccentricities of our "only original" Mr. Whistler, they seem to love to take up his ideas. Apparently, yellow is a fashionable color in London now for furnishing a room, the style being somewhat like that of the gallery in Piccadilly, where that gentleman's works in black and white were lately shown. The London correspondent of THE ART AMATEUR, by the way, in condemning Mr. Whistler's amusing follies in white and yellow, seems to have been provoked into uttering rather harsh criticisms concerning his etchings which—unless indeed they have wonderfully changed of late—cannot be so bad as they are represented.

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BUT to return to our yellow—or rather brown and yellow—room. I find it thus described in Truth, a London society journal: "The dining-room has a brown dado, with paper of Pompeian red, which suits the pictures splendidly. The furniture is all light oak, upholstered in Japanese yellow, and the effect is decidedly cheerful, against the chocolate-brown dado. The curtains are of Turkish embroidery. Do you know the yellowish-white transparent muslin on which this embroidery is worked? It harmonizes well with the brown and yellow of everything in the room. The short blinds—Americans call them window shades—are also of Turkish embroidery, Mrs. Fourstars having ingeniously utilized the sort that is sold for chair backs in this way. Both the blinds and the curtains are held back by bands of Japanese yellow plush, with brown embroidery wrought upon them. The mantel-board and fire-place curtains are of chocolate-brown cloth, with embroidery of conventionalized yellow marguerites, and the vases are all yellow, and of beautiful, slender shapes, such as one sees in old pictures. The carpet is brown, with a small pattern in oak colors upon it." In a white and gold Worcester jar were daffodils, and wall flowers were scattered about in yellow vases.

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So far from being, as one would suppose from the description, dull, monotonous and colorless, this room, we are told, is the very contrary; for the colors, though limited to a certain scale of tones, are both warm and cheerful. It is easy to believe that it is a great improvement on Mr. Whistler's incomprehensible white and yellow room, than which certainly nothing could be more distressing to the artistic eye.

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THE bound volume of The Century Magazine for the six months ending with last April is before me, and a most valuable and interesting volume it is. During the period of transition from the conventional old-fashioned mode of drawing upon the block to the present all but perfect interpretation by the engraver of the artist's design by the aid of the photographic reproduction on the block of the original drawing which is set before him as a model, much of the work of the burin has necessarily been experimental in technic, and the results have not always been happy. There

was a time when the slavish imitation by the engraver of the brush-work of the original design, which for convenience the artist was wont to paint in oil monochrome, seemed to be the main thing aimed at. Certain conventional machine-like effects were employed for sky and, with little variation, for foregrounds. In the new volume of The Century, one may look almost in vain for these mannerisms. Evidently their employment was but a passing phase in the progress of the American new school of wood-engraving which, perhaps, it is not too much to say, finds in this dainty octavo its highest development.

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No wonder Seymour Haden halted in his sweeping condemnation of the methods of the wood-engraver when he was shown Kingsley's marvellous picture of "The Sea," contained in the volume under review. It is in all probability the finest example extant of such a scene produced by the burin. It is the work of a colorist and an artist in the highest sense of both terms. What grand swelling motion is given to the heaving billows in the foreground; and, in contrast, how delightfully, as the eye approaches the horizon, do the waters dance and sparkle in the sunlight filtered through the rifts in the clouds. I have gazed on many a noble marine painting in the Old World and the New, but never have I had the grandeur of the boundless ocean more vividly recalled to my senses than by this straightforward, honest line engraving.

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MR. JOHN A. LOWELL, of Boston, sends me a proof of a remarkable engraving of "The Bathers" from the painting of Hunt, which shows as notable a departure from the ordinary methods of the steel-engraver as does the work of such men as Cole and Kingsley from those of the conventional engraver on wood. The plate is 19 by 13 inches. When seen at the distance of a few feet, there is such breadth of color treatment that one is puzzled what to make of the picture. But place it at the distance of a dozen feet, and look at it as you would look at an oil painting, and the effect is delightful. There is great depth to the landscape, and the light is admirably managed. The subject is probably familiar to the general reader. It represents a shady pool with a boy, whose back is turned to the spectator, balancing himself in readiness to take a "header" from the shoulders of a comrade who stands up to his arm-pits in the water. When seen first, the closed legs of the lad look like one; but at a distance the modelling of each is well defined. How this appearance will be affected when a glass is put over the print I cannot say. It will probably make a great difference.

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THE engraver, S. A. Schoff, of Boston, is said to have worked three years on the plate, often obliterating the result of many months of earnest toil before producing the present effect. Close inspection of the print makes this easy to believe. Although the result gives the impression of vast breadth in handling, it is evident that this has only been accomplished at great pains. For the flesh, the old-fashioned "engine turned" method seems to have been principally relied on. In other parts of the picture the lines show much greater freedom. As he has a perfect right to do, Mr. Schoff has employed whatever means he found most convenient to accomplish the aim in view. This aim seems to be to give to a steel engraving some of the qualities of an oil painting—the breadth especially. If the print is to be kept in a portfolio, as most valuable steel engravings are kept, this is a mistake; for it is meaningless when closely inspected. But if, as I take to be the case, it is the intention that the print be framed to hang upon the wall to be viewed at a distance, Mr. Lowell perhaps has an artistic *raison d'être* for his enterprise, although, of course, it is quite a subject for discussion whether this is the most suitable application of steel engraving.

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GREAT artistic merit in execution must be conceded to this beautiful plate. At first sight, one would be inclined to ask whether such expense and labor as are involved in its production were really necessary for the effect attained. Could not an equally good result, for instance, have been arrived at with the etching needle? I should say, decidedly not. After all, in effects of color, at least, etching is more or less experimental, and allows of but little correction, after the

first stages. But in Mr. Schoff's plate the strength of each line and the value of each tone has been carefully considered and fully determined in advance. The integrity of neither could have been insured under the uncertain conditions of the acid bath.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May is particularly well illustrated and well written. The frontispiece is a careful engraving by Closson of E. A. Abbey's charming water-color drawing, "The Sisters." W. H. Bishop's paper on San Francisco is especially enriched by three water views, cut respectively by French, Sylvester and Hellawell; the cloudy effect by French, in particular, is very well done. "Roman Carnival Sketches" is an old subject charmingly treated in a new way by Anna Bowman Blake, whose text is capably illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. John F. Weir writes on "Art Study at Home and Abroad."

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BENSON J. LOSSING's historical sketch of the National Academy of the Arts of Design, in the same magazine, shows John Trumbull in such a contemptible light that it is difficult to accept the portrait. As president of the old Academy of Fine Arts, we are told that "he persistently opposed the establishment of schools of art. The first effort to do so, under the sanction of the directors, was frustrated by his really prohibitory regulations. Art students were permitted to draw from the antique casts in summer only, and then before breakfast—from six to nine o'clock. Very few could avail themselves of the granted privilege. Those who attempted to do so were hindered by a variety of annoyances, and the effort was soon abandoned." If we are to believe Mr. Lossing, his treatment of fellow-artists was absolutely brutal. Of the quality of the exhibitions under his charge, we get some idea from the spring catalogue of 1824: "The same pictures that hung on the walls in 1816 were still there. There were some pieces by city artists that gave a little novelty to the exhibition. Of these one half were from the easel of Colonel Trumbull." The latter's studied insolence finally drove the students to rebellion, and at a formal meeting of the artists of the city held on the evening of November 8th, 1825, in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, with the now venerable Asher Brown Durand in the chair, they seceded and organized the New York Drawing Association, with S. F. B. Morse as president. From this association was evolved in January of the following year the present National Academy of Design. Of the thirty artists who were its founders, Messrs. Durand, Evers and Cummings are all who survive.

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THE first exhibition was held in May, 1826, in the second-story rooms of a house at the corner of Broadway and Reade Street. The second was in the third story of Tyler's Arcade Baths, in Chambers Street. For ten years from 1829 the Academy had rooms at the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets. In 1839 it removed to quarters in the building of the New York Society Library, at the corner of Broadway and Leonard Streets, although it was considered perilous to go "so far up town." Another decade found the Academy in Broadway, nearly opposite Bond Street, and finally in 1865 it took possession of the rather imposing Venetian looking building it now occupies at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Its ungenerous parent, the wicked American Academy of Fine Arts, did not prosper. It expired in 1841, and its effects were bought by the National Academy for \$400. The National Academy, says Mr. Lossing, "is a private association, managed exclusively by artists for the public good," the latter part of which statement the public will be glad to learn; for sometimes it finds it a little hard to believe.

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"TINTAMARRE," a Parisian humorous paper, represents an American dealer bargaining with a French artist for the immediate production of a painting for him to take to New York before July 1st, when the new tariff law goes into effect. "But, my friend," says the artist, holding up the spotless canvas, "I have not even begun the commission, and it would take me a year to complete it." "Don't worry yourself about that," replies the dealer, "all you need do is to sign your name in the corner of the canvas here, and I'll get the picture painted in New York."

MONTEZUMA.